of his voice that the sentiments to which he gave expression came from the inmost depth of his heart. So near as I was able to comprehend, he was commenting on the wonderful goodness of the Great Spirit who gave them green corn in its season, and exhorting them to thankfulness for the same.

The next day, outside the village, numerous fires were kindled at short distances from each other round a large circle, which included between one and two acres. Each family had its separate fire, and by each fire was a quantity of green corn, piled on a buffalo skin. When the squaws had roasted it, the prophet, the civil and war chiefs, and a few others took a position in the center of the circle, while the tribe, numbering some six hundred, ranged themselves outside the fires, and the dance began. Round and round they went, singing their green corn song, which sounded in my ears like the perpetual repetition of "*ahow, aho, aho ahow*," keeping time to rude specimens of music hammered out of a dry skin drawn over a hoop, and extracted from a quick and violent collision of buffalo bones—a performance similar to that common among Negro minstrels. Finally, they huddled together on the south side of the circle, and sat down. Karolo addressed them briefly, and was followed in a few remarks by the chiefs. The prophet then walked around the circle, raising his hands above the separate piles of roasted corn as he passed them, talking all the while, as if invoking a blessing, and having made the circuit, the tribe gathered in distinct squads about the several fires and commenced eating. When the roasted ears were shelled to the last kernel, the festival of the green corn dance was over, and they went back, singing, to the town.

It is a custom among them to paint their faces daily. I was compelled, every morning, while with them, to pursue this practice—to anoint my features with a preparation

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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composed chiefly of a peculiar kind of clay—so that it would 727
be difficult for a stranger to distinguish me from one of their 302
own number. As I became more and more acquainted with those who inhabited the little village we had joined, I observed four girls, the youngest twelve, and the oldest, perhaps, eighteen, whose appearance attracted my attention. They had the copper-colored complexion, but not the high cheek bones and the course black hair and the peculiar expression of countenance that always distinguish the aborigines. On the other hand, they possessed the Anglo-Saxon face—their gait was different from that of the other women of the tribe—and what was the most extraordinary, they had fine light hair, inclined to auburn, and upon one of them it curled. They were a mystery to me, until one day I saw the women coming from the river where they had gone to bathe, and walking among them were these four, perfectly white. The paint had been washed from their faces in the water, revealing to me their race. I made assiduous inquiries of Big Wolf and others, and of themselves, but could obtain no satisfactory information. They knew no other than the language of the Comanches, and in all respects conformed to their manners and customs. It was, therefore, evident to me they had been captured in early childhood and remembered no other life than that they were then leading.

More or less of the tribe were almost constantly absent 721
on the war path. Sometimes they would sally forth of their own motion; at others, a number of them would join a party from a different village happening to pass that way. Even- 727
tually they returned, and the manner of their approach indicated whether they had been successful, or the reverse. On one occasion, during the summer, they brought in a captive, blindfolded as I had been, and had a rousing war-

among his wives, there was one who treated me with all the kindness I had previously received at the hands of Moko, the young consort of the Big Wolf, and she was *Kianceta*, the Weasel.

At the end of four days, Big Wolf again made his appearance, attended by his four wives and a number of warriors. Their arrival was celebrated by a pipe dance. This ceremony was conducted as follows: The wives of the two chiefs, myself, and several old men of the tribe were stationed in the center of the ring. At its side stood the Spotted Leopard, with a lighted pipe made of red sandstone. As the warriors danced around, each, as he came opposite the chief, received the pipe at his hands, took a whiff or two, and handed it back. This ceremony was accompanied by one of their wild and peculiar songs, and when it was concluded, Moko came forward with the watch, kissed it, presented it to me, and turning about, broke through the circle of warriors, crying, and disappeared in a neighboring tent.

I caused it to sound the alarm, probably a dozen times, when the Spotted Leopard approached me with Kianceta by his side. Into the possession of the latter, the weird, mysterious thing, through which the Great Spirit spoke in a strange voice, was delivered, and the crowd dispersed.

Kianceta, the Weasel, was tall and slim, and erect as the young cedar that grew on the bank of the Boge Lescoha. She had an easy and elastic gait, as if shod with velvet springs, and in her movements there was a nameless grace and dignity which drew all eyes after her, as the magnet attracts the steel. She was dressed in buckskin moccasins, and leggins colored red—a blue broadcloth skirt, tastefully embroidered with beads, and over this a bright calico short gown—articles obtained from the Mexican traders. Her long hair, blacker than the feathers of the crow, fell down

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

over her shoulders in luxuriant profusion, halfway to the ground, and around her forehead was a tin band, scalloped on the upper edge, after the fashion of a crown.

Kianceta was indeed comely to look upon, but her soul was far more lovely than her form. Though an untutored woman of the prairie—one of a low and ignorant class—I have reason to remember her with respect and gratitude. She sympathized with the poor captive when others laughed at his calamities—sat down by his side, and looked up sorrowfully into his face, when the young savages in the village beat him with stones and sticks until he sought shelter in the tent. An hundred times she stood between him and those who threatened harm—gave him corn when others had it not—attended him when sick—casting red-hot stones into a trough of water to make him a steam bath, and wrapping him in thick buffalo skins until his cold was broken up and his health restored.

Next morning the tribe was assembled, and Che-ra-se-chick-a-lo, the prophet, made a speech. He was not as earnest and impressive as Karolo—palpably inferior in every respect—nevertheless, he was listened to with the most profound attention. At the conclusion of his exhortation, they indulged in a long and jolly feast, when Moko and the three other wives of Big Wolf came and kissed me again and again, and then bestriding their mules, rode away towards their own valley of Mannasaw, weeping as they went.

My time was now passed either in attending upon the Spotted Leopard, or sauntering idly through the village, continually thinking of escape. This subject was never out of my mind. By observing the rising and setting sun, I could tell the points of compass, and recalling, as far as possible, the direction of the different routes I had taken

posed to be somewhat fastidious. The chief sent for some half-dozen, submitting them to my inspection, before a choice was made. Some of them were hideous, either lank and cadaverous, or fat and flabby, having a fiery red new moon painted over each eye, and the full moon in the center of the forehead. These were rejected without hesitation or ceremony. At length one was brought that was pronounced entirely satisfactory. She was small and slender, very young and very agile. There was the grace of nature in her carriage, and, besides, she was not quite as filthy as her companions. She was arrayed in the latest Indian fashion when brought in for examination, wearing prettily embroidered moccasins, colored leggins, calico short gown of many colors, with a great diversity of beads braided profusely in her hair. She was distinguished as the most expert swimmer and deepest diver in the tribe; wherefore, they had bestowed upon her the name of *To-ma-no-a-ku-no*, the Sleek Otter. Altogether, she was rather a dirty but very comely maiden, in no wise equal to Kianceta, the Weasel, but much fairer than the great majority of her race. With her I entered into the holy estate of matrimony for the space of one moon. After the wedding festivities, the squaws generously assisted her in building a tent, bringing in presents of buffalo skins wherewithal to construct it, after the fashion of a donation party; and when it was finished, we moved in and "went to keeping house." The Sleek Otter made me a faithful and affectionate wife, skinned the deer, cooked the venison, pounded the corn, mended my moccasins, and in all respects performing her conjugal duties with cheerfulness and alacrity. The course of true love ran so smooth that we glided harmoniously through the third moon, and, therefore, became irrevocably joined.

Subsequent to the marriage my privileges were very much

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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leggins and hunting shirt in shreds, torn in a thousand places by thorns and brambles. I still retained the deerskin band which bound my head and fastened on the forehead with a clasp, preventing the hair from falling over my eyes, but the little painted feathers with which the Sleek Otter had ambitiously adorned it, were long since blown to the winds of heaven.

My employments during the twelve days I halted in this solitary place were various. The most laborious portion of each day was spent in ascending one or the other of the adjacent peaks, and taking an observation of the surrounding region, in order to ascertain if an enemy was approaching. With much difficulty I cleared a small space in the center of the densest thicket, cutting out and pulling up the roots, whereon I erected a fireplace of stone, the object of taking so much pains being to kindle the fire where the thick shrubbery about it would, in a great measure, conceal the light. Here I went assiduously at work to provide for "a rainy day," in the matter of provisions, and to replenish my wardrobe. I shot four or five deer at different times, drying as much of the flesh as I deemed it convenient to carry, and manufacturing the skins into necessary articles of wearing apparel. The only tool I possessed was a knife, but with this managed to accomplish all I undertook. The moccasins were made of the hide while in its green state, applied to the foot with the hair inside, fastened with stout whangs of the same material inserted through holes made with the point of the knife and tied, and left in that condition to dry. I was familiar with the Indian mode of dressing buckskin with the brains of the deer itself, and had no difficulty in preparing new leggins and hunting coat. Perhaps the fit was not exactly admirable, nor the suit, taken as a whole, such as would be commended by a fashionable

The Comanches

142 are medium in stature. Goldstein reported an average height of five [141] feet, six inches for Comanche men and five feet for women.[4] This makes them slightly taller than their Ute and Shoshone relatives. The men are robust and well proportioned, but the idle and well-fed among them are inclined to be fat and paunchy. Their chests are wide and fairly deep, and they carry themselves erect and with unassuming [145] dignity. Possibly because of their hard life, the women age somewhat prematurely.

The skin color of the Comanche varies from light brown to a reddish brown or copper, depending to some degree on the amount of exposure to weather and sunlight. The females tend toward somewhat lighter pigmentation than do the males. Like that of any Indians, the hair of a Comanche is black and straight and medium in texture. Among the females there is a greater tendency toward coarse- [145] ness. It is a rare Comanche who has cause to worry over baldness or graying in old age. Such facial hair as a Comanche naturally grows is [302] sparse and light, but until recently even this feeble growth had little chance, for it was the style to pluck it out, roots and all—eyebrows included.

On their heavy bodies the average Comanches carry relatively [141] large, round heads with a cephalic index of eighty-three. This gives them a somewhat greater relative head breadth than neighboring Plains tribes and the Shoshones, too. The shift from the Shoshone norm may quite possibly be the result of extensive admixture with Mexican Indian captives. The forehead is broad, and the supraorbital ridges vary from slight among the females to moderate in the cases of males.

Eye color varies from medium brown to black like that of all Mongoloids. The eyes of the children are a much clearer, richer brown than those of adults. The sclera of adults is commonly bloodshot, and, contrary to popular notions about sharp-eyed Indians, the vision ap-

[4] Marcus S. Goldstein, "Anthropometry of the Comanches," *American Journal of Physical Anthropology*, Vol. XIX, (1934–35), 289–313. Goldstein's study is the best account of the physical appearance of the Comanches. It was made in 1931 and comprised thirty-five "unmixed" males, twenty-five "unmixed" females, and twenty-five hybrid individuals representing every surviving important band. The numerical figures and comparisons used in this description are taken from Goldstein's study. Otherwise, the description is based on field notes taken by Ernest Wallace in 1945.

3:Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
NO6 Comanche NO6

nearly so important to the Comanches as they were to some tribes farther north. 293

The life of a Comanche warrior was rugged, but that did not keep him from spending a great deal of time at his toilet. He was especially proud of his hair, and in the village he might be seen daily combing, greasing, and braiding it. Men parted their hair from the center of the forehead back to the crown, forming a braid on each side, and made a streak of yellow, white, or red along the part. The braids were tied or wrapped with beaver fur or any other available material that appealed to the wearer's fancy. Beaver fur was worn on dress occasions. Bright-colored pieces of cloth, with red the most commonly recurring color, is used at the present time by the older men. Pieces of silver, beads, tin, glass, and single feathers were attached to the side locks as decorations. Each man also wore a scalp lock braided from the hair at the top of his head, and in it he usually wore a single yellow or black feather. Brushes, made from the tails of porcupines, were used for grooming the hair. The most common form was made by stretching the porcupine tail over a stick of wood. Hair brushes were also made by pounding out the fibres of a large yucca stalk. These fibers were gathered up and bound together with a buckskin thong and singed so as to burn off the sharp edges. The men never shaved, but carefully plucked all hair from their face and eyebrows with a pair of tweezers made of bone, leaving the whole face as smooth as a baby's cheek. A piece of door spring was used incessantly by Post Oak Jim through all the long hours of interviews in 1933. Comanche vanity went so far that narcissistic bucks begged for the hair that women cut off in mourning so that they could splice it into their braids to make them look longer. She Invites Her Relatives tells of one *tuiβltsi* who was showing off at a dance. "He threw his side lock over his shoulder—and the attached end came off. Everybody hooted with laughter; he picked it up and went home." 302 [522]

Paint was an indispensable article of ornamentation for both sexes. Both men and women, when circumstances permitted, painted their faces before meeting strangers and for all special occasions. The Comanches always carried paint with them. Vermilion was much sought after, but when it could not be obtained from the white trader, paint was made from clays and from weed and berry juices. Black was the [386]

3: Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
NO6 Comanche NO6

The Comanches

302 Black was the
[822] war paint—the emblem of death—but red, yellow, olive green, and blue were favorite colors. There appears to have been no uniform manner of make-up. One warrior painted his face red, his eyelids white, and streaked his face with black. Another painted one side black and the other yellow down to the waist; another wore red on one side and yellow on the other, with lines of black upon his cheeks.

304 Tattooing was not conspicuous in the Comanche tribe, but both
301 sexes tattooed the face and body, the chest being the most commonly used part of the torso.[28] Clinton Smith records that his chief had a black star tattooed on his chest.[29] The warriors were as proud of their battle scars as old-time German students were of their dueling wounds, and brought them out more conspicuously by tattooing around them.[30] Bears' claws, horse hair, mules' tails, beads, and other similar
[H11] materials might be appended to the hair or about the body. Bands of rawhide or copper wire served to protect the wrist of the left hand from the slap of the bow string.

Another fancy of the Comanche male was to puncture his ears for rings. "A young man," says Breaks Something, "sees other men have their ears pierced. He comes home and wants to have it done too." This was in late adolescence. The young man asked one of his female relatives to pierce his ears. She took him to the lodge of a woman who had recently had a baby easily, so it would hurt less. There she heated a needle red hot (in the old days she used a cactus spine) and burned six to eight holes all along the helix of one ear. The other was punctured only three or four times. A greased straw was then run through the hole, taken out, regreased, and left in until the wound healed. The boy liked to have all the holes pierced at once, so he could wear all his earrings at once. The old-time earrings were long, thin shells obtained from the Mexicans. A few old men can still be seen who wear circles of brass or silver wire. The many shells were so heavy that the top of the ear bent over under the weight, but the discomfort was borne for the satisfaction it gave. As for the piercing service, it was done for the boy gratis.

291 A Comanche woman clothed herself in buckskin. The luxurious

[28] Abbé Emmanuel Domenech, *Seven Years Residence in the Great Deserts of North America*, II, 281; Humfreville, *Twenty Years among Our Hostile Indians*, 184.
[29] C. and J. D. Smith, *op. cit.*, 47.
[30] Smithwick, *op. cit.*, 178.

291 and easy to wear. Although there were variations to suit the individual taste and needs, the general pattern remained fairly uniform. A Comanche woman in motion was a graceful sight, with the gorgeous fringes swaying with every movement and the brilliant patterns of beading glittering in the sunlight or firelight.

302 The woman wore her hair cropped and traced the part line with vermilion, although she seldom went to the trouble of combing or otherwise caring for her hair; it just hung loose. The care that did not go into her hair was devoted to facial make-up. Her eyes were accentuated with red or yellow lines above and below the lids and sometimes crossing at the corners. Her ears were painted red inside, and both cheeks were daubed with a solid red-orange circle or triangle. [301 She also occasionally tattooed her face and breast, and wore bracelets 304] and necklaces. As a parallel to the strong institutional friendship be- [572] tween two men, two Comanche women friends might dress alike.

291 Little girls, unlike small boys, always wore some form of clothing. A girl wore a breechclout until near the age of puberty, when she donned the buckskin dress. She wore her hair long and in plaits.

292 Fine clothes were so prized for dressing up that each Comanche had a wardrobe case made of rawhide, called *nat'sakɔna*. It was en- 415 velope-shaped, laced together at the edges, and had a tie-down, fold-over flap. Thus it was different from the parfleche, or ɔyɔ:*t*, as the Comanche called the meat bag. In his case he kept his best suit, his leggings, moccasins, blanket, and braid wrappers. It was up to his mother to care for his wardrobe.

If he had a war bonnet or feathers, they were kept separately in a tubular bag, called *tunawɔs*, that could be slung from his waist as he rode his horse, so that they could be ready for instant donning in case of attack. In this bag was also carried war paint, a brush, and a mirror after mirrors became available. If the occasion arose, a Comanche wanted to look his best.

342 Home to the Comanche was his tipi, or conical skin dwelling. It represented a wonderful combination of utility and portability, for it could be raised or lowered within minutes. It was constructed of tanned buffalo hides sewed together and stretched, flesh side out, over a conical framework of from twelve to thirty poles. The standard number in the opinion of modern Comanches was twenty-two poles.

4: Goldstein D-5 (ca. 1930)1934
NO6 Comanche NO6

Grayness. No gray hair was noted in any full- or probable full-blood below 40 years of age. Among the males, the youngest full-blood showing some gray hairs was 45, probable full-blood, 40; females, full-blood, 40, probable full-blood, 50. Almost 57 per cent of the individuals between 40 and 55, inclusive, had no gray hair at all; this condition is close to the 50 per cent among the Sioux.[13] Many subjects above 55, even at the ages of 70 and 80, showed but few gray hairs, although several cases did occur of approximately two-thirds of the hair gray, as well as one instance of a blind man with practically an entire head of yellowish-gray hair.

The pattern of graying among the Indians, to the writer's knowledge, has not been commented upon. Among whites, even negroes, as recently pointed out by Boas and N. Michelson ('32, p. 215), graying of the hair commonly begins and is most extensive at the temporal regions and around the lower occiput. The writer was struck by the rarity of this gray-hair pattern in the full- and probable full-blood Comanches. Almost invariably the graying in the latter was 'general,' i.e., a condition where more or less widely separated strands of hair, apparently originating around the forehead, had become iron- or yellowish-gray. On the other hand, several instances of compact, temporal graying were noted among the mixed bloods. The 'general' type of graying seemed a distinctly full-blood Indian characteristic.

Loss of hair. No full-blood under 60, and none under 50 among the probable full-bloods, had any loss of hair whatever. Several of the older men had slight to moderate loss over the forehead; three old women likewise showed a slight loss over the forehead.

Moustache and beard. No moustache or beard whatever was noted in either full- or probable full-blood.

Eyebrows. The men often plucked out their eyebrows. Where present, in male or female, the amount of hair in the brow was usually thin, never over medium. A trace of concurrency occurred in 39 per cent of individuals with eyebrows not plucked.

[13] Hrdlička, A. Loc. cit., 132.

4: Goldstein D-5 (ca. 1930)1934
NO6 Comanche NO6

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Left—Toyo, 62 years old.

Right—Chief Millet, Kwahadi Band, 69 years old.

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4: Goldstein D-5 (ca. 1930)1934
NO6 Comanche NO6

Left—Wilbur Pewo, 42 years old.

Right—Knox Tokawana, 48 years old.

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PLATE 3

Right—Petarsy, 49 years old.

Left—Mrs. Peecher, Kotsoteka Band, 55 years old.

ANTHROPOMETRY OF THE COMANCHES
MARCUS S. GOLDSTEIN

[pp 320-end not processed]

5: Carlson & Jones E, N-4, 5 (1933)1939
NO6 Comanche NO6

fumes were inhaled. The stems of the latter were tied in bundles with which the Comanche switched themselves.

Yucca roots (*Yucca louisianensis*) were ground up for soap. Various species were used as detergents by Indians in the Plains and the Southwest particularly. The ordinary method of preparation is to strip the bark off the root and beat the root to a pulpy mass. The pulp is cut into small pieces which are dried in the sun and can then be kept until needed. When required, two or three of these pieces are soaked in water for about an hour, after which the water is agitated briskly with the hands. Suds immediately appear, forming a good lather. The Southwestern Indians prescribe yucca suds for ceremonial hair washing and also prefer them for laundering blankets and woolen garments. The roots have a high saponin content; commercial soap has been successfully manufactured from them. Another plant used in toiletry was an unidentified species (Comanche: *nemeʟisas*) of the mint family, the fragrant leaves of which were valuable for perfuming.

The leaves of croton (*Croton monanthogynus*) were said to be ground and mixed with brains of animals for use in curing hides. This and other species of croton were widely utilized medicinally, but we know of no other instance of its employment in tanning. Richardson (19, p. 67) quotes two somewhat varying discussions of Comanche tanning, but in neither of these is any plant material mentioned.

Most tribes of Indians prepared brooms by binding together the tough and moderately flexible stems of some plant, but there seems to be little or no uniformity in the plants thus used. The one specified for this purpose by the Comanche was the snakeweed (*Gutierrezia sarothrae*).

Comanche names were obtained for all the plants collected, yet the informants, although knowing the names, could give no use for a number of them. Professor Kroeber has stressed the importance of collecting and recording negative data of this sort as well as positive data, and lists of "plants not used" have appeared in papers by his students. The Comanche informants could offer no use for the following plants: cattail (*Typha latifolia*), white sage (*Artemisia ludoviciana*), false indigo (*Amorpha angustifolia*), western ragweed (*Ambrosia psilostachya*), a grass (*Elymus sp.*), and two unidentified plants bearing the Comanche names *kusiwɔna*, and *itse* or *ʇiməyhɔ*. It may well be that some or all of these were utilized and that their functions

6: Linton E-5 (1933)1935 NO6 Comanche NO6

796 535 dancers, but this was rarely the case since the buffalo were older men of established reputation while the dancers were usually young.

796 535 513 346 Early on this same morning the wives of the dancers, or, if they were unmarried, any of their close female relatives, made beds for them in the screened alcove at the western side of the lodge. These beds consisted of heaps of sage with robes over them. A large rounded heap of moist sand was also built. When the dancers were exhausted they would retire behind the screen and throw themselves upon this so that they would be revived by its dampness and coolness. After the beds had been made and the sand heap built no one was allowed behind the screen except the medicine man and the actual dancers.

796 535 783 515 The crier warned everyone who wished to attend the dance to bathe that morning. The dancers also bathed. This was a common preliminary to seeking to establish relations with the supernatural, as when a man was going to a medicine man's grave to get power from his ghost. It was a form of purification or consecration, although in this case it was not attended by any ceremony.

796 535 After the noon meal the people went into the lodge and the dance began. The drummers, old men who also led in the singing, seated themselves near the door or about the fire place. Unfortunately, the location of the fire place [539] in the lodge was not ascertained. They had a large circular drum or drums of the sort used in ordinary dances. These drums were beaten by several men simultaneously. They also carried rattles which apparently could be of any sort. The spectators, both men and women, seated themselves around the sides of the lodge three or four deep.

796 535 302 While the audience and orchestra were taking their places, the dancers went behind the screen with the medicine man and painted themselves. Often they helped to paint each other. This painting seems to have been rather varied. In the ceremony in which the roofless lodge was used all the dancers painted solid yellow. In that with the closed lodge each dancer was painted differently and there was a variety of colors and designs. All informants agreed that, although the paint was renewed each morning of the ceremony, each man wore the same designs throughout. The dancers were [293] stripped to breech clout and moccasins and carried no paraphernalia except their eagle bone whistles. None of these were seen, but they are described as identical with those used by other Plains tribes in the Sun Dance.

796 535 They were usually eight to twelve dancers. When they first emerged from behind the screen they danced with their arms stretched toward the sun, but as they became exhausted they dropped their arms and merely moved their shoulders with a shrugging motion, stamping at the same

7: Richardson D-4 (no date) 1929
NO6 Comanche NO6

142 little beard."[8] However, it should be remembered that there had [144] been some Mexican admixture with the Comanche blood even as early as Catlin's time. All accounts agree that the women were generally low of stature, ugly and repulsive in appearance.

302 The men wore their hair long and generally ornamented it profusely, while the women cropped their hair close to the head. A Comanche dandy was most fastidious about his appearance and spent much time in the preparation of his toilet, especially if he was about to enter the presence of strangers. He did not shave, but instead, plucked his face clean of its scant growth of beard; and sometimes he also pulled out his eyebrows.[9]

291 The dress of the men consisted of leggins and moccasins, a breech cloth or flap, and a buffalo robe thrown over the shoulders if the weather was cold. Catlin's picture of a chief's children, made near Red River in 1834, shows the younger children naked, while the larger girls were comfortably and decently clad in buckskin, including mocassins, leggings, and a slip or dress with sleeves extending to the elbows and skirts well below the knees. Naturally there were many variations in dress and the buffalo and buck-skin were gradually supplanted by cloth and blankets secured from traders.[10]

291 A combination of the savages and civilized in dress sometimes 177 produced ludicrous results. A description of a prominent Comanche as he rode into camp on the Clear Fork, in Shackelford County, in 1854, runs thus:

> Naroni rode in grand costume. He wore an old blue military coat, with tarnished epaulettes, and covered with bullet buttons, a wampum necklace, almost equal to a breast-plate, numerous ear-rings, finger-rings, and a large ring in his nose, completely encircling his mouth, and bright red leggins.
>
> But his crowning glory was his head dress. From the crown of his head started out four long eagle's feathers, two on

8. Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana, in the year 1852, by R. B. Marcy, Captain Fifth Infantry, United States Army, assisted by George B. McClellan, Brevet Captain, United States Engineers, Washington, 1854; 33 Congress, 1st Sess. House Document (not numbered), page 98.

9. Special Report of Surgeon Alex B. Hasson, Fort Phantom Hill, 1852, in the Gazette, Austin, 1857.

10. North American Indians, II, plates 165-172. See, also, Marcy, as cited 98-99.

10: Horn T-3 (1836-1837) 1955
NO6 Comanche NO6

mournful fact, that much of it is obtained from those unfortunate individuals, who fall victims to their cupidity. They cut off the hair from the back part of their heads, leaving it in front, the longer the better, and which they divide so as to bring it down from each temple, and to this they fasten any other that they can get, until it nearly reaches the feet. The savage who cut off mine, wore it in this way, and took frequent opportunity exultingly to remind me of it. But their cues with them are indispensable, and if they cannot obtain them in one way, they will in another, and horse-hair answers in the room of better. They do [57] them up usually in strips of red and blue cloth, carefully winding it closely from the top to the extremity, with the red on one side, and the blue on the other. To a small tuft of hair which they leave behind, is appended trinkets of the most trifling kind, such as old buttons, or any thing that will jingle, and on their arms and fingers they have a profusion of rings of different kinds. Their ornaments are laid aside when they go out to war.

Their treatment of the sick is truly singular. When any of them, whether male or female, is considered to be seriously indisposed, they (the women) take all the grass and every other obstruction from a spot of ground sufficiently large to admit of the construction of two tents together; these are for the accommodation of friends. In the centre of the circle formed by the tent, they dig

19: Lowie E-5 (1912) 1915 NO6 Comanche NO6

formerly certain "dauntless men," called pía rē'kap ē'kapit (Large Red Buffalo Meat), but these, too, were not associated with a special group. They were expected to act very quietly and practise uncommunicativeness (naſimeàpaĺet). One of them, who was killed by the Navajo, had a blue or some other cross painted on his quiver, and carried a singular tomahawk with long blade and eagle feather tied to the handle. There was nothing distinctive about the dress worn by these dauntless men.

In connection with the buffalo hunt there does not seem to have been any police body, and though the tribesmen were warned not to advance ahead of their fellows, the only punishment meted out to offenders was to reprove them. On the other hand, the Big Horse company does seem to have regulated traveling. They had no other political function except to act as guides when the Comanche were on the march and to make peace with other tribes. Wakinf said that the Big Horses numbered about twenty and were always mature men. They had a distinctive song, but never danced by themselves. They painted their bodies red, down to the waist, and tied hawk and sparrowhawk feathers to the back of the head, so that these would flutter as their wearers moved. They carried dewclaw rattles and wore a sash made from a part of the skin of a buffalo taken from its neck.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

make the cultural transition they have been called upon to accomplish. As a result of its work, many tribal superstitutions are being discarded for modern scientific concepts. Although hardly a Comanche would accept a white physician at the beginning of the reservation period, the Indian practitioner today is almost a forgotten man.

The Comanches are still confronted with many sociolcgical and psychological problems of adjustment. They have not entirely disintegrated, nor have they been completely assimilated. They are still Indian and want to follow the Indian pattern; their environment, experience, and teaching encourages them to discard it. They are intensely proud of being Comanche, and cherish their cultural heritage. They feel that they were unjustly robbed of their homeland, but know that they must make the best of their situation. The conflict between the old and the new often prevents the acceptance of any regular pattern of conduct and leads to confusion or unusual situations.

The matter of custom is vital to the Comanches. It is difficult to discard tradition. Some old women still wear their blankets, and a few old men continue to paint their faces and to wear their hair in plaits. The tradition of generosity does not fit well in American society for it is an impediment to economic security. Their idea of a pleasant life does not include saving, because saving had no place in their primitive society. The give-away dance has not entirely disappeared, and those who give are the losers and afterwards may seek the aid of the government.

There still exists a strong incentive toward the glorification of the individual. This character trait was a regular feature of the old social system, where the aim of the warrior was to gain glory and where there was constant acknowledgment of his achievements. It led to an immense sensitiveness to praise and censure. The Comanches, as a result, require more praise than the white man to function, and they suffer more than the white man from censure. The attitude was readily apparent in 1945. More than two hun-

21: Burnet T 5 (1818-1819) 1951 NO6 Comanche NO6
Texas

[ca. 1818]

the Indian character. The Comanchees manifest their sensibilities by mourning vehemently for the dead. They continue their lamentations stately, morning and evening, for a length of time proportioned to the affinity and the consequence of the deceased. The women shave their heads and scarify themselves with knives or sharp flints, until they are literally covered with blood. Whether they have derived this practice from the discomfited prophets of Baal, (I Kings 18, 28) is for learned antiquarians to determine. The men set too much value on the velvet softness of their tawny skins, to have them scarred and serrated by so unprofitable a custom; but they will sometimes shave their heads, which is also considered a grievous retrenchment of masculine beauty. At each periodical lament, the bereaved relations assemble unitedly to bewail their departed friend. Tears are shed in copious profusion, accompanied by loud and plaintive strains of hideous dissonance, not unlike the howlings of ravening wolves. The goods and chattels of the deceased, including his tent and all its apparatus, are sometimes burnt; and such of his horses and mules as the avarice of the living will relinquish, are killed in order to be transferred to the hunting grounds of Elysium, for the future benefit and behoof of the dead. It was estimated by eye-witnesses, that during the prevalence of the small-pox among them in 1819, when they were swept off, as with the besom of destruction, there were not less than 5000 of these valuable animals immolated in this manner. The mode of conducting their funeral obsequies, I have never witnessed, and believe they sedulously avoid the observation of strangers of these occasions.

[Note. The length of this letter compels us to divide it. The rest will appear next week.]

[*The Cincinnati Literary Gazette*, June 12, 1824]

Letter IV.

[Concluded]

Vanity, certainly, is not peculiar to the Comanchees, but they possess more vanity both national and personal,

22: Dacus Q-3 (no date) 1960 NO6 Comanche NO6
(ca. 1870)

584 unfrequently the talons and beaks of the prairie eagles and falcons, a breast-
301 plate of "hair pipe," and perhaps a few bright plates of metal cut into the
29 form of crosses and crescents and sewed to his gorgeously colored suit of
237 dressed skins. So attired, with his face sometimes painted brown, or blue,
584 and at other times flaming in vermillion colors, or yellow as the victims
302 of "the plague of the Indies," the Comanche beau mounts his pony and proceeds to the lodge of his inamorata, dismounts, and, if the maiden comes and hitches his pony, enters and squats upon the ground; and displays his discontent with his lot by responding to every inquiry with a most dolorous
584 "Ugh! Ugh!" After manifesting his misery to an extent deemed sufficient, the Comanche young gentleman rises with great dignity, and repeating two or three knell-like "Ugh! Ughs!" he remounts and rides off without so much as deigning to utter a word. If the maiden he desires to woo does not take charge of his pony, that ends the courtship. He would despise himself and be the fool of the tribe to persist under such circumstances.

An account of this visit is carefully certified to the master of the lodge, on his return. Our dandy, like many civilized gallants, is always very careful to make his initiatory visit when paterfamilias is not at home. The way is now open for further negotiations. The girl is not usually again consulted. The young dandy has merely condescended to indicate his prefer-
584 ence for her. She of course must be delighted. If the father is a chief or
583 principal man in the tribe, he provides a dower for the daughter. The young suitor must be able to respond in equal measure in the way of presents of this world's goods. Sometimes a Comanche belle may have, as a portion, as many as fifty ponies. The suitor in such case should be prepared to turn over fifty-one ponies as a present to his would be father-in-law.
[585 If this can be done, a bargain is usually concluded. No further ceremony is necessary. The maiden and her fifty ponies become the absolute property of the young man. He has "swapped" fifty-one ponies for fifty ponies and got a wife, or rather slave, into the bargain.

585 When negotiations have been concluded, the dandy proceeds to the lodge of his bride, but not in the same plight as before. He enters, throws down his deer skin mantle, casts from him his weapons, and then orders the bride to enter upon her duties as a wife and slave by taking them up and proceeding to follow him to his own lodge, bearing the burdens he has thrown down for her.

[595 The bride may have three or four sisters, and they may all be wives of her husband before the expiration of a week. Mothers-in-law excite
606 little feeling, either of favor or aversion, among the Comanches. They play
585 a minor part in the affairs of the newly constituted households.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

115 159 late nineteenth century and another maternal uncle who was a twentieth-century Arapaho chief. Each of these facts is individually significant for an understanding of some of the major early influences which affected Sanapia's life.

115 159 797 The recurring descriptive phrase used by my older Comanche informants when speaking of Sanapia's father was, "He was a strong Christian man." His conversion to Christianity occurred in his early middle years, shortly before Sanapia's birth; and, in fact, it was the Presbyterian minister responsible for the father's conversion who was given the honor of naming the new born Sanapia. Her father devoted most of his life to Christian activities among the Comanches, much to the later embarrassment of Sanapia. He was also energetic in attempting to learn and to incorporate into his family's routine the life style of white society. Sanapia's reminiscences of her father depend for their tone and complexion on her vacillating moods. At one time she may speak of him as "a good Christian man and a good father," and at another time she might speak of a father who, through his white-Christian–modeled behavior, brought ridicule upon his wife and family from the Comanche community in which they lived.

115 159 797 177 593

> You know, he was the first Christian man among us Comanche peoples. He used to go up to Richard Spur and talk to them people up there. He talk about the bible and things like that. And you know, some of those Indians believed him, what he tells them, but some of them make fun of him and tell him that he don't know nothing about the bible, or he don't know nothing about white
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> [illegible] 181

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Sanapia and her parents, 1898.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 N06 Comanche N06
Oklahoma

115 159 797 177 593 man's ways. They say, "We don't want to hear stories about white people that been dead for years . . . dead for a long time." That's what they tell him. When he prayed, some of those people, they tell him, "Who you praying to?" And he said, "Well, I pray to God because the white man told me to." And they just laugh at him. He catch them when they out of peyote meeting on Sunday mornings. Maybe he shouldn't have done that. You wouldn't catch my mother going over there with him. No!

115 159 797 177 291 When Sanapia's father embraced Christianity, he turned totally from all things Comanche; at least, this is the opinion of those who knew him. A photograph of his wife and him taken in the early twentieth century shows a massive man with short hair, stiffly posing, dressed in a dark suit, dark shoes, white shirt, starched collar, and tie. Beside him stands his wife, dressed in the cloth "squaw dress," apron, sash, and buckskin moccasins, a costume commonly worn by women in the immedite postreservation period, but displaying in her attire style not one trace of the effects of the surrounding white society. This photograph dramatically

142 302

Sanapia's maternal uncle.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

This photograph dramatically conveys the nature of a very far-reaching influence on Sanapia's life: a liberal father who attempted to incorporate into his person visible symbols of the white-Christian culture in which he found himself enveloped and an extremely conservative and traditionally oriented mother who had nothing but disdain for the symbols and values of white society.

Sanapia's mother seems to have been almost fanatical in her conservatism. For example, though she knew and understood English, she would never speak it in a white man's presence, feeling that somehow this would belittle her in the

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 21]

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Sanapia's mother and father.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

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Sanapia's mother, 1909.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 N06 Comanche N06
Oklahoma

be able to give her full attention to learning the skills of the eagle doctor. Much of this dissuasive effort was also aimed at Sanapia's older brother since it was the brother who had the prerogative of giving his sister away in marriage. However, after her training both the mother and the older brother immediately joined in a combined effort to find Sanapia a good husband.

Sanapia, age 16 (left) and her young sister (right). Taken in Lawton, Oklahoma, 1912.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

Black Kerchief

Sanapia keeps most of her medicines wrapped in pieces of black material which are commercially sold as women's head scarfs. These large black squares of cloth are also used by some males as Western-style ties. When Sanapia is traveling without her medicine kit, though carrying her Medicine feather, she keeps it wrapped in a black kerchief.

The black kerchief, worn knotted at the throat, is a customary sign among the Comanches and neighboring tribes of a possessor of Medicine. Sanapia was instructed to always wear the black kerchief as a symbol of her powers. She does not wear this badge today for fear of ridicule. Sanapia does, however, keep a black kerchief tied to the headboard of her bed. She states that black is the color of luck and good fortune. She also adds that it indicates to ghosts that the wearer is not afraid of their powers.

The black kerchief, or piece of black cloth, can be used in doctoring to cover the patient's face when he is instructed to inhale medicine smoke. Sanapia sometimes uses the black kerchief in this manner during the doctoring of ghost sickness.

Sanapia collecting medicines, 1967.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

Sanapia preparing medicine.

but since Sanapia almost exclusively uses only the root of the plant for medicine, this concern with flowing water seems ubiquitous on medicine-plant-collecting trips.

Her dosages of the various botanical medicines follow the mystical number four found in the southern Plains area. The medicinal decoctions and infusions which she prepares are always given in units of four—four cupsful, four spoonsful, and so forth. Her externally applied medicines, such as salves and liniments, are administered with four movements of the hand; and when dried cedar leaves are employed to produce medicine smoke, they are deposited on the live coals in the course of four consecutive abbreviated motions of the hand.

In the following discussions, a standardized introductory line will be used for each plant when possible. The Comanche term for the plant will be presented first, followed by Sanapia's translation of the Comanche term. The English translation of the Comanche term will be followed by the binomial classification of the plant, which in turn will be followed by the English common name.

ekapokowa:pi

"red berry cedar" *Juniperus pinchotii* (red cedar; juniper)

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

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Sanapia, 1969.

The pervasive influence of acculturation is a fact which cannot be skirted, however, and perhaps it is at the core of the inconsistencies between Sanapia and the ethnographers of the early 1930s. Sanapia is particularly immediately affected by the changes wrought by acculturation and change because of the nature of her role. The notion of her "place" in Comanche society, plus the rigidly bound manner in which her behavior is directed by certain supernatural sanctions, forces her to react to change piecemeal. A Comanche not so bound as Sanapia to certain pre-

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32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

These young Indians had
spent less time on horseback and more time inside, out of the weather; nor had they ever ridden the war trails. The women of this group took better care of their hair. The older women's hair generally had an untidy look.

This sullen aloofness and aimless drifting didn't affect the younger children—it seemed to set in when a boy got to be fifteen or sixteen years old. The younger children, when they arrived home on vacation, were bursting with energy. They rode their ponies helter-skelter over the prairies and rivaled the channel cat in Cache Creek with their cavorting, swimming, and diving.

They came to town with their parents—the girls riding in a hack or the little lumber wagon with the women. If it was the wagon, the bows and canvas cover converted it into a little prairie schooner. On a nice day the canvas would be rolled up a ways on either side, to let the air through.

Comanche men and boys never rode in the wagon or hack with the women. The boys would be riding along with their father, horseback. If there were not enough stock saddles to go around, the younger boys would be riding ancient Mexican-type saddles. These Mexican saddles had a flat look, compared to the up-to-date stock saddle. Neither the fork nor the cantle was as high, while the seat was broader. Its most distinguishing feature was the top of the fork. Thin, broad, and round, it made one think of a pancake. I am sure the tops of some of the horns were as much as four inches across.

Somehow, the youngsters always had a few nickels to spend for candy, cakes, and wax—their name for all kinds of chewing gum. The happy parents stood around and glowed in their pride. Sometimes the parents had one of the youngsters show off—they would have one of the boys interpret as they bought their groceries or other store items. They wanted everyone in the store to see how much their children had learned.

But all this youthful, happy exuberance suddenly vanished in the late teens. Few of the girls stayed in school as long as the boys, and the girls never got the good from their Carlisle clothes. About the second or third time they came to the store after their last year in school, they would buy some gay-colored, patterned calico along with matching cotton braid. The next time you saw them, they would be wearing a *pit-si-qui-na.*

The young men did wear out their white man's clothes, but seem-

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

When their money ran out before payment time, we would credit those who were not heavy drinkers until the next Grass Money time. Though all merchandise was charged to the husband, the wives bought in the same way. We followed the custom of keeping the sales slip for each wife's purchases with her name, but we were never called upon to show who bought what. I wondered whether the wives had an after-payment settlement.

The women always had a lot of fun buying dry goods. We kept yardsticks laid out along the dry-goods counter so that a woman could point to the particular bolt she was interested in. Each bought for herself and her children; but as each made her choices, the other wife or wives stood by the counter and passed remarks freely about her selections. These remarks always caused much merriment, not only within the group itself but also from other Indian women listening in.

One white custom at which the Comanche women never ceased to wonder was the freedom with which white women would converse with men other than those of their own families. A homesteader's wife who had not talked to anyone but her husband for two weeks would come in plumb full of talk. As she was doing her buying, she would tell me all about the crops, the new calves or colts, and where she and her husband would be driving to church or a picnic the next day. In turn she would want to know all about what happened in town, who had had a baby, who had died, and all the gossip. Meanwhile Indian women who had, I knew, been to Carlisle or Chilocco would be listening very intently and talking in low tones to other women sitting near, apparently describing the conversation.

Comanche men and boys could scarcely help being vain, with all the attention the women and girls of the family bestowed upon them. This was especially apparent when the family as a whole was going to a gathering of any kind, white or Indian. The women would have the finest of shirts and neck scarves prepared for the husband and the boys to wear for the occasion. Often the shirt and bandana would be made from the finest red or pink silk. Nearly all the men wore their hair long, and the husband would sport a new hairdo with strips of otter skin or fancy yarn braided in with the hair to increase the size of the braid. The white sheet that was rolled up and worn around the waist like a sash had been washed and sun-bleached until it was of a dazzling whiteness.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

government and the several interested tribes, which finally resulted in the opening of the Comanche, Kiowa, and Caddo reservations to white homesteading. Many Indian leaders protested the agreement after their own interpreters had explained it to them. They maintained that Joshua Given (the same one mentioned in one of the letters to General Pratt at Carlisle), who was the son of the deceased Kiowa Chief Satank, had translated their demands to the commission inaccurately and had falsely represented what the written agreement contained.

In great rage, the Indian leaders made medicine to bring about Joshua Given's death, as well as the demise of the commissioners. Making an image to represent Given, they threw mud at it. The fatal seizure would take hold where the mud hit the image. The mud struck the image in the chest. On his way home from the council, Joshua Given was stricken by a hemorrhage from the lungs, and shortly thereafter he died.

When old Indians told this story, they had the members of the commission following the young Kiowa in death. At any rate, history bears the old ones out as to the untimely death of Joshua Given.

Some of the Indian leaders decided to take their grievance to their Great White Father in Washington. Choosing their own interpreter this time, they told their story to Grover Cleveland. President Cleveland assured them that their land would not be taken from them during his administration. Their trip delayed the opening of their land for homesteads for nine years. But in 1901 the Jerome Agreement was implemented. Each Indian then living was allowed an allotment of 160 acres. This represented the Indian's individual share of the once great empire, Comanchería. The white man got the rest.

When they had had such experiences, the older Indians were bound to have certain suspicions of Charley Ross, with his numerous white man's ways, white man's language, and friendships with white men. But he was devoted to the old fellows and had their respect. One symbol of the links he kept with them was the braids he wore, even though he wore a hat and his hair was scanty. I remember having thought of the braids as affected. But finally age and observation taught me better. The older Indians all wore their hair in braids, and these were the people he must stay close to so that he could help them.

He had other bonds with the old fellows besides his braids. He had a wife who spoke no English. He was fulfilling a Comanche tradition by caring for his wife's parents. Mrs. Ross's father, Mi-he-suah, lived

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

bedding, underwear, socks and stockings, etc. If there had been six more clerks, we could have used them all. Somewhere near the middle of this selling-buying nightmare, I was aware of a large, tall Indian crowding in front of the Indian I was waiting on. He was taller than anyone else in the store, including myself, though I was approaching six feet. With his large black Stetson hat, well-fitted blue serge suit, blue flannel shirt, and obviously bench-made, high-heeled cowboy boots, he was dressed like a prosperous cattleman.

His copper color and the large braid hanging down on either side of his face onto his chest proclaimed him an Indian—not only an Indian, but obviously one of the Old Fellows. This was my private designation of the Indians old enough to have ridden the war trails. They had to be in their very late forties and upward. None of this group had been to school, nor would they have spoken English if they had known how.

This well-dressed Indian now surprised me by asking in perfect English, "How much do you want for that stove?"

This was the first time we had had a fire in the stove; but the fact that it was the only heating stove we had, plus the dozens of people—men, squaws, children—who had been crowding around it for hours, and were still crowding around it, and then the fact that I was just entered into my fifteenth year, all combined to hit my funny bone. I laughed as I answered him, "It couldn't be worth much of anything. It is just an old stove that came with our claim. But it is the only stove we have to keep the storeroom warm. We couldn't sell it."

With an air I am sure he considered superior, but which bordered more on the arrogant, the way he had been arrogant in crowding in front of the Indian I had been waiting on instead of awaiting his turn, he thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, brought out a wad of bills, and began looking through them.

As he was running through the bills, he continued talking: "You have this good house to live in. My women and children will live in a tent now. They need this stove. You don't. Here, I'll give you $20 for the stove." And he waved a twenty-dollar gold certificate at me.

Realizing how much in earnest this Indian was about the stove, I shook my head, saying, "The stove is not worth anywhere near such a sum. But we need it ourselves. We have a hardware store here now. Have you tried there?"

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

177 But even the cruelest gossip, if rehashed long enough, becomes tiresome, and in due time the vicious-minded turned their talents elsewhere. During the five years I remained in the community, nothing was added to, or subtracted from, the mystery of the Bone-setter.

871 By the time the town started holding races the following summer, [657] Albert was recovered sufficiently to ride his father's horses, and he [541] returned to the Indian boarding school in the fall. When he and Earny returned home at Christmas, Jim brought the two boys to the store to exhibit them in their blue school clothes. Albert had grown, unbelievably. Jim and I put him between us, and he was almost as tall as 541 we were. Earny was rejoicing at his brother's growth. It meant he 302 would now ride his father's horses in the races. The school people allowed Albert to wear his hair long enough to cover his scalp and neck scars, and he was truly a fine-looking young Indian man.

885 The Comanches had a word for him, but I was not to learn it for 884 some time. The word is *Tao-yo-vis-ses*, meaning a fine-looking young man of warrior age. The story is that in camp, after the fall hunt and before the bands went their separate ways to winter quarters, the boys who had become young men would clean and polish their finest [302] horses. Then, with their womenfolks assisting, they would carefully [291] comb and braid their hair, rub oil into their skin until it glistened, don their gaudiest breechclout and moccasins, and ride bareback slowly through the camp, single file.

The camp might well be strung for some miles up and down a creek or stream. The boys were joined by the girls who had reached [302] puberty but were not married. The girls, hair in two long braids, paint- [291] ed and dressed in new buckskin dresses and leggings, were equally proud of their bodies and bearing. The girl's name corresponding to *Tao-yo-vis-ses* is *Nai-vi-se*.

The older Comanches considered this the finest sight in all the world. Everyone came out of the tipis, young and old, warriors and chiefs, and they cried out over and over, "Tao-yo-vis-ses! Nai-vi-se!" There before them was the tribe's future—its chiefs, its war leaders, its warriors, and the bearers of the tribe's men babies. Here were "The People" of tomorrow's tomorrow.

Now Albert Martny, who but for the skill of the unnamed Bone-setter would surely have died, was a handsome young warrior. You may be sure, come the summer Grass-Money time, Albert's womenfolks presented their *Tao-yo-vis-ses* with pride.

33: Mooney E-3,4 (no date) 1907
NO6 Comanche NO6

101 **Comanche.** One of the southern tribes of the Shoshonean stock, and the only one of that group living entirely on the plains. [174. 648] Their language and traditions show that they are a comparatively recent offshoot from the Shoshoni of Wyoming, both tribes speaking practically the same dialect and, until very recently, keeping up constant and friendly communication. 174 Within the traditionary period the 2 tribes 131 lived adjacent to each other in s. Wyoming, since which time the Shoshoni have been beaten back into the mountains by

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ASAHABIT—PENATEKA COMMANCHE

174 131 the Sioux and other prairie tribes, while the Comanche have been driven steadily southward by the same pressure. In this southerly migration the Penateka seem to have preceded the rest of the tribe. The Kiowa say that when they themselves moved southward from the Black-hills region, the Arkansas was the s. boundary of the Comanche.

[p. 327A]

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131 In 1719 the Comanche are mentioned under their Siouan name of Padouca as living in what now is w. Kansas. It must be remembered that from 500 to 800 m. was an ordinary range for a prairie tribe and that the Comanche were equally at home on the Platte and in the Bolson de Mapimi of Chihuahua. As late as 1805 the North Platte was still known as

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COMANCHE WOMAN

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131 Padouca fork. At that time they roamed over the country about the heads of the Arkansas, Red, Trinity, and Brazos rs., in Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. For nearly 2 centuries they were at
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648 war with the Spaniards of Mexico and extended their raids far down into Durango. They were friendly to the Americans generally, but became bitter enemies of the Texans, by whom they were dispossessed of their best hunting grounds, and carried on a relentless war against them for nearly 40 years. They have been close confederates of the Kiowa
648 since about 1795. In 1835 they made
657 their first treaty with the Government,
131 and by the treaty of Medicine Lodge in 1867 agreed to go on their assigned reservation between Washita and Red rs., s. w. Okla.; but it was not until after the last outbreak of the southern prairie tribes in 1874–75 that they and their allies, the Kiowa and Apache, finally settled on it. They were probably never
161 a large tribe, although supposed to be populous on account of their wide range.
[165] Within the last 50 years they have been terribly wasted by war and disease. They numbered 1,400 in 1904, attached to the Kiowa agency, Okla.

[p. 327-B]

34: Ewers E-4 (no date) 1969 N06 Comanche N06
Texas

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PLATE 20. Upper garment of a Comanche woman, worn by Vivian Poolaw, a Kiowa-Comanche. See also Figures 36 and 37. (USNM 1480.)

[p. 180-D]